

# The Bradford Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1870.

VOL. 17.—NO. 6.

## Select Poetry.

**A LOST CHORD.**  
Sawed one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.  
I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.  
It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.  
It quieted pain and sorrow  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.  
It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.  
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.  
It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand amen.

## TRID IN THE CRUCIBLE.

Rain, rain, rain—a hopeless day, with an easterly wind and a sky of lead. The streets were dirty and sloppy, and muddy and miserable. Women hurried along with dragged skirts; men plunged through the slippery mud with umbrellas and sulky faces. A dark, dreary, miserable day; and all of its gloom was reflecting in Miss Evelyn's face as she stood looking out of her boudoir window.  
She was tall and stately, and beautifully dressed, too, this Miss Evelyn; and young—that is to say, twenty-five, so she need hardly have worn that weary, miserable look she may think, if the weather was bad. Besides one would have thought it a fine thing to be Miss Constance Evelyn, with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars and such a pretty room to nestle in on wet days.  
Miss Evelyn dropped the curtains as the little ormolu clock struck eleven, and began walking up and down, up and down, with the shadow in her face deepening and darkening every moment.  
Presently she stopped before a great mirror that reflected her from top to toe, and gazed long and fixly at the pale, proud face, black, glossy hair, and blue eyes that gazed back.  
"Am I handsome?" thought Miss Evelyn, "or is it only the wretched flattery that poured into the ear of every rich woman that I know? Which does he think I wonder?"  
Ah! that little tell-tale pronoun? The proudest of these proud women are humble enough when "he" is in the question.  
"And, am I growing old?" thought Miss Evelyn, "I never fancied so until last night. The idea of an unmarried woman of five-and-twenty presuming to think herself young! I passed him talking to a young lady—a smiling girl just out." I passed, but they did not see me. "Miss Evelyn handsome!" exclaimed Miss Evelyn in answer to something he had said, "Oh, yes, of course, but frightfully old, isn't she? Why, she was going to be married to Mr. Lawrence ever so long ago, and was engaged to a cousin ages before that! That was quite enough. I walked away, and danced with the first gentleman who asked me, and comprehended that my life was gone and I was an old maid."  
She began walking up and down again, her thoughts wandering gloomily into the past.  
"And what a useless life it has been! What a deceit society is! What a shallow, rapid, empty mockery! I am weariness to myself, and a useless thing to my fellow-creatures. If we are all born with a destiny to accomplish, and work to do, it is time I found mine out, and began it. What is an old maid's mission, any way? To talk scandal, drink tea, and be snubbed? Come in!"  
There had been a modest rap at the door. Mary, the housemaid, appeared.  
"If you please, Miss, Mr. Underhill is in the drawing room."  
Miss Evelyn started.  
"Mr. Underhill! Such a morning. Well go down, Mary, and tell him I'll be there in a moment."  
She shook out her flowing morning robes, smoothed her glossy braids, and slowly descended. Mr. Underhill, Miss Evelyn's lawyer, a sober elderly man, rose up at her entrance.  
"Good morning, Miss Evelyn. Drearly day, isn't it? You didn't expect a visitor such weather?"  
"Hardly," Miss Evelyn answered, languidly. "But you are very welcome, Mr. Underhill."  
"Thank you, Miss Evelyn. I wish I brought more welcome news."  
For the first time, now, the young lady noticed the trouble in his face and voice.  
"What is it?" she asked quietly, "trouble for me?"  
"Yes, Miss Evelyn."  
"About money matters, of course."  
"Yes."  
"You seem rather reluctant to tell it, Mr. Underhill. I beg you will think better of me. Whatever it is, I shall be glad to hear it at once."  
"I have cause to hesitate in telling it, dear young lady, for it is very unpleasant—very, indeed. You remember the conditions of your late guardian's will?"  
"Perfectly, sir."  
"Will you have the goodness to repeat them to me, Miss Evelyn?"

"Certainly. His whole fortune—one hundred thousand dollars, and this house, as it stands, became mine unconditionally, provided his nephew, supposed to be dead in California, never appear—something highly improbable—the fortune passed from me to him at once."  
"Precisely, Miss Evelyn. And there my bad news begins."  
"You mean the nephew is alive, after all?"  
"I do!"  
She drew a fluttering breath—turned a little pale and cold—that was all.  
"Is he here—in the city?"  
"I regret, for your sake, to say he is."  
There was a pause. She sat very still—pale and cold—her hands folded in her lap.  
"You have seen him, of course, Mr. Underhill?"  
"Yes, Miss Evelyn, Mr. George Thorne came to my office yesterday, and proved his identity beyond the shadow of a doubt. But he has acted very generously—very nobly, I must say. I told him the condition of his uncle's will, and that I had no doubt you were ready to abide by it. His answer was: 'The young lady shall do as she pleases. If her conscience and her honor loth to resign it, of course I take it; if not, let her rest assured I shall never disturb her in its possession.' I was surprised; very few men in his position would say as much, I assure you."  
"He is very kind," said Miss Evelyn, slowly, and whiter than marble. "and very generous. Tell George Thorne—tell Mr. Thorne, that my conscience and my honor command me to resign his fortune without a moment's delay. It is his from this hour."  
"But, my dear Miss Evelyn, hear me. There may be a compromise, a half, a quarter, of it may be retained. It is too much for you to resign what has been yours for so long, like this."  
"Not a whit too much. There can be no compromise; I would not take a dollar of it, hardly to save me from starving. It is his, not mine. Do you think I could accept the charity of a stranger? You ought to know me better, Mr. Underhill."  
Mr. Underhill bowed. He did not understand this sort of a thing himself. It was not in his line. But he did understand the flashing of those blue eyes, the ringing of that proud voice. He had seen both before, and knew that the laws of Draco were nothing to that of Miss Evelyn.  
"I shall depart to-day," said she, rising, with a certain queenliness of bearing that always overawed ordinary mortals. "Mr. Thorne can take possession of his house and fortune at once. Good day, Mr. Underhill."  
The smile that accompanied the little white hand was very sweet and gracious, but the lawyer did not dare to question her. She was gone a moment after, and was up in her boudoir once more, looking out at the slanting rain and gloomy sky, with something altogether new to think about.  
Miss Constance Evelyn disappeared very suddenly from the brilliant society of which she had been one of the most brilliant stars. It was a nine-days wonder, this romantic whirl of fortune; and society was on the quiver to catch a glimpse of Mr. George Thorne and make a hero of him; but Mr. Thorne fought shy of society and didn't show. They wondered—her dear five hundred friends—what had become of her, poor thing! and went on dressing and dining, and party-giving, and presently forgot she had ever existed.  
And all the men who had loved her, or told her so, which is the same thing—where were they now? One only, a simple-hearted young millionaire of twenty-one, whom the world had not yet quite spoiled, and who viewed in fear and trembling the haughty belle, wrote her an offer of his hand and heart. Young Mr. Millionaire got an answer by return of post—very civil, but very cold. "Miss Evelyn was much obliged to him, but begged to decline."  
Miss Evelyn was residing with a widow lady somewhere in Edinburg. Miss Evelyn had advertised for music pupils on such reasonable terms that she had got some, and in a few weeks had her hands full, and was kept on the treadmill from morning till night. She and that heartless society, with which she had found so much fault, were never likely to trouble each other again. She could have borne the falling off of "summer friends" without one pang, but she could not bear that "he" should be so utterly heartless. It was Mr. Chillingham, who was handsome and an author, and with whom she had been in love for the past six months in spite of herself. She had not wanted to love him—she had fought like a heroine against it—but, ah! who could resist the seductive eloquence of those deep, dark eyes, persuasive sweetness of that earnest voice? He was so different from other men—so noble, so gifted, so perfect in his every manner—that she could as soon stop the beating of her heart as she stopped his beating for him. And she had thought that he had loved her—had he not given her every reason to think so, except the three poor words, "I love you!" And now, and now.  
Miss Evelyn never complained—never shirked her duties—fought the battle of life bravely, and wore away to a shadow. No weather kept her in doors, no cold confined her to her bed—she went on and gave her lessons, and drugged and drugged, week after week, until the good widow's heart ached to see her.  
"You're killing yourself, that's what you're doing," she said to her: "look at your feet, soaking wet—and you with that cold! Why don't you let your pupils wait

when the weather's not fit for a stray dog to be out! You'll be in your grave in six months!"  
Miss Evelyn laughed—a mirthless sort of laugh though.  
"I don't know that that would be much loss to the world, Mrs. Norris. But you really fret yourself about me for nothing. You don't know how strong I am. Nothing hurts me."  
It was a week after this, that, coming to the house of one of her wealthiest patrons, Miss Evelyn found company in the parlor, a gentleman talking to her pupil. The pupil was a pretty young lady of eighteen—the gentleman, Mr. Chillingham. It was another of her morning and the music teacher's garments were dripping.  
"Really, Miss Evelyn, I hardly expected you in this shower," the young lady said, not over-graciously. "I am engaged this morning, and don't think I shall take my lesson."  
"Pray don't let me prevent you," said Mr. Chillingham. "Miss Evelyn and I are old friends, and I am more than happy to meet her again."  
He extended his hand; she just touched it. Her fingers like ice—her hand cold and still as marble—told no tales. She could almost forgive him his sudden appearance, remembering that Mr. Chillingham remained all through the lesson, sitting in a distant corner holding a book, and furtively watching the music teacher. It might have touched any heart that cared for her—the haggard change in the once beautiful face. But the book made a shield for Mr. Chillingham; and, besides there was no one there to see.  
After that, Miss Evelyn met Mr. Chillingham very often at the house of her pretty pupil. But the old intimacy was not renewed. Miss Evelyn was like flint—colder to him than any stone. She listened, if he would persist in talking to her, and answered in monosyllables. She declined haughtily and peremptorily when he asked permission to see her home; and three days after wrote a note to the young lady, begging to be excused from further attendance.  
Two days after, coming home late in the evening, fagged and nearly worn to death with a hard day's work, she found a visitor awaiting her in the parlor. Going in, she saw to her surprise and anger, Mr. Chillingham. She stood before him, more queenly than in the days of old, haughtily questioning with fixed blue eyes.  
"Pardon me, Miss Evelyn, for this intrusion," he said, coming forward; "but you shun me so persistently in other places, that I had no alternative. You have given me no chance to say what I have been longing to say since I have found you—that I love you, Constance, that I want you to be my wife!"  
She stood in pale amazement, looking at him. She had loved him—she did love him dearer than life. She clasped her hands over her fluttering heart, not able to speak.  
"You are the noblest and bravest woman I ever met," he went on. "I thought so long ago and loved you; but I never knew it so fully, and never loved you so dearly as since your generous renunciation of fortune. If I waited for a time, Constance, it was not that my love ever faltered, but I wished to see if you could brave adversity. You have, heroically; and now, loving you, I ask you, Constance Evelyn, to be my wife."  
He held out his arms. With a great sob, she was caught and held to his true heart, happy at last.  
There was an hour's delicious quiet in the widow's parlor. Then Mr. Chillingham, holding both her hands, and looking at her earnestly, said, "But I have a revelation to make, and pardon to crave, my queenly Constance. I have deceived you!"  
"Deceived me!" she cried turning pale.  
"Yes, my dear, and many others. My name is not Chillingham!"  
She sat looking at him—white and turning cold.  
"I am George Chillingham Thorne, your guardian's nephew, long since supposed to be dead in California, and I am the heartless scamp who has robbed you of your fortune."  
She gave a little gasping cry. Mr. G. C. Thorne laughed in her face, went on: "I did it with malice aforethought. I wanted to try you as they try gold in a crucible. You have come out a thousand fold brighter, and I am rewarded. Can you forgive me?"  
I suppose she did, for she married him and went back into society more regal and uplifted than ever. And as marriage is the ultimatum of womanly hopes and the scene of early bliss, I presume I may leave her.

**OUR HANDS.**—The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instinctively, as if the hand itself were the seat of the will; its actions are so free, so powerful and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality distinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollections of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercises, by which it has been perfected. In the hand there are twenty-nine bones from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.  
**A NEGRO'S IDEA OF LIBERALITY.**—Bishop Thompson, in recently giving a sketch of his experience among some of the southern confederates, referred to a sermon which he had heard from a colored preacher upon the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In the course of his remarks the preacher said, "I've known many a church to die cause it didn't give enough, but I never known a church to die cause it give too much. They don't die dat way. Brodern has any of you knowed a church dat died cause it give too much? I'll go, just let me know, and I'll make by pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb by the soft light of the moon to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand there and lift my hands to hobben and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"  
At the theatre one night John Phoenix thought he saw an acquaintance sitting a few seats in front, and asked a gentleman between them to poke him with his cane. When he turned around John discovered his mistake. Fixing his attention on the play, and affecting indifference of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle the disturbance, and he, being without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phoenix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man asked indignantly: "Did you tell me to poke that man with my stick?" "Yes," "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would poke him or not."  
A brother editor wants an almanac that will tell him when "next month," expires. The cause of this "want" the editor says, is because he has a number of accounts the payment of which was promised next month, and as the promises were made in February last, he wants the almanac to ascertain when he may expect the fulfillment of said promises, you know. We should like one of these almanacs.  
An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats. Hear him: "The woman who made the butter we bought last week is respectfully requested to use more judgment in proportioning the ingredients. The last batch had too much hair in it for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall. There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed if butter is sixty five cents a pound."  
William Hazlitt said: "I hate everything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of handboxes go along in the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them."  
Rev. Phoebe A Hanford is obliging. The other night she arose good naturedly, after midnight and married a couple who anxiously called upon her.  
They had discovered a method of thinning out the over-abundant population of Japan. Kerosene lamps have been introduced into that country.  
An old lady read about the strike of the wire drawers in Worcester, Mass., and said that of all new fangled things wire drawers must be the queerest.  
Temperance puts coal on the fire, flour in the barrel, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole composition of man.  
A young man in Ohio recently opened a clothing store, and was sent to jail for it. Reason—the clothing store belonged to another man.  
Texas has a new game. One holds a revolver; the other holds the cards. Shortly after the game begins a coroner holds the inquest.  
An exchange which wishes to avoid slang, delicately advises its belligerent neighbor to "imitate the rivulet in time of drought."  
Why should young ladies never wear stays? Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."  
Modesty in a woman is like the color on her cheeks—decidedly becoming if not put on.  
Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and stop there.  
A cane that goes over the ground rapidly is a hurr-cane.  
The French are ahead—the Germans are after them.

**Business Directory.**  
A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1863.  
J. B. GRAHAM & SONS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodware, Provisions, etc., Market St., Clearfield, Pa.  
H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar. 70.  
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c., Room 12 Graham's Row, Market Street. Nov. 16.  
H. BUCHER SWOOPER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 16.  
T. W. J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.  
W. M. REDD, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc. June 15, 1870.  
A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 1870.  
F. B. READ, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Kyrtown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. [Apr. 27, 1869.]  
O. H. T. NOLLE, Attorney at Law, Lock Haven, Pa. Will practice in the several courts of Clearfield county. Business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Jan. 29, 70-y.  
C. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.  
J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.  
J. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.  
THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's Row, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 16.  
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.  
C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.  
JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinetware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. April 25, 1869.  
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Hams, &c., located on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.  
W. A. WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. [Jan. 20, 70-y.] F. WALLACE FIELDING  
H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on second floor of new building adjoining the Mansion House, and nearly opposite the Court House. [June 29, 69-y.]  
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or else solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.  
MANSION HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, situated in Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY, Proprietor.  
JOHN H. FULPORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and all legal business. March 27, 1867.  
A. THORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located at Kyrtown, Pa. offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 1869-y.  
W. I. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, the dealer in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.  
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 1869-y.  
SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. [Jan. 5, 70-y.] JAMES MITCHELL, March 9th, 1867-y.  
JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Having located at Odesa, Pa. offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 65.  
GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. July 7-y.  
WALLACE & WALTERS, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND CONVEYANCERS, Clearfield, Pa. Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, conveyances prepared, and insurance taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. [Jan. 5, 1870.] W. A. WALLACE. J. BLAKE WALTERS.  
REMOVAL—GUN SHOP. The undersigned begs leave to inform his old and new customers, and the public generally, that he has fitted up a new GUN SHOP, on the lot on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, Clearfield, Pa., where he keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, all kinds of Guns. Also, guns repaired and reworked, and repaired neatly on short notice. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. June 9, 1869. JOHN MOORE.  
SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES. HARTSWICK & IRWIN are constantly replenishing their stock of Drugs, Medicines, &c. School books and Stationery, including the Osgood and National series of readers. Also—Tobacco and Cigars, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. Call and see. Clearfield, Nov. 16, 1869.  
DRY GOODS—the cheapest in the county, at May 27, '67. MOSSOP'S.

**J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.** MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. CHROMOS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 1869, 14-60-11.  
**THE WONDERFUL LINIMENT.**—This Liniment having been used for some years past as a family medicine by the proprietor, and its good effects coming to the notice of his neighbors, has, at their suggestion, consented to manufacture it for the benefit of the afflicted everywhere. It is the best remedy for Catarrh and Bilious Colic, ever offered to the public; and will cure many other diseases in the human body. It is also a sure cure for Pile and Wind-galls in horses. Directions for its use accompany each bottle. Price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sent to any address by enclosing the price to W. M. HAWKNER, Hard Postoffice, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 4, 1869.

**MILLWRIGHTING.**  
H. T. FARNSWORTH, Would inform Mill owners, and those desirous of having Mills built, that he is prepared to build and repair either Circular or Muley Saw Mills, and Grist Mills after the latest improved patterns. He has also for sale an improved Water Wheel, which he guarantees to give satisfaction in regard to power and speed. His motto is, to do work so as to give perfect satisfaction. Those wishing further information will be promptly answered by addressing him at Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa. Write your name and address plain. April 29, 1870-1y.

**CROCKS! POTS! CROCKS!** Stone and Earthenware, of every description. Fishers' Patent Airtight Self-sealing Fruit Cans. BUTTER CROCKS WITH LIDS, PICKLE AND APPLE BUTTER CROCKS, CREAM AND MILK CROCKS, STEW POTS, FLOWER POTS, PIE DISHES, and a good many other things too numerous to mention, at the STONE-WARE POTTERY OF F. LEITZINGER, Corner of Cherry and Third Streets, CLEARFIELD, PA. Aug. 3, 70-y.

**THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE** 294 BOWERY. 294 BOWERY. The extraordinary success of their new and improved Sewing Machines for light or heavy work, has induced the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO. to manufacture a new Family Machine of the same simple and convenient construction, and of the same quality, making it equal in beauty and finish with other family machines, whereas in usefulness it far OUTSTRIPES ALL COMPETITORS. The patent of this new acknowledged necessary article comes within reach of every class, and the Company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to dealers and agents. Every Machine warranted. Apply for circulars and samples to EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO. [Apr. 15-3m.] No. 294 Bowery, New York.

**REMOVAL.** HARTSWICK & IRWIN, DRUGGISTS, Market St., Clearfield, Pa. We beg leave to inform our old and new customers, that we have removed our establishment to the new building just erected on Market Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House, and opposite Graham & Sons' store, where we respectfully invite the public to come and buy their DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, OILS, PAINTS, VARNISHES. Our stock of Drugs and Medicines consists of every thing wanted, selected with the greatest care, and at the lowest prices. WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE! We also keep a full stock of Dyes, Perfumery, Toilet articles, Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, White Wash Brushes, and every other kind of Brushes. We have a large lot of White Lead, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, and in fact every thing used in the painting business, which we offer at City prices to cash buyers. TOBACCO AND SEGARS, Confectionery, Spices, and the largest stock of various articles offered in this place, and warranted to be of the best the market affords. J. O. HARTSWICK, JOHN F. IRWIN, Dec. 2, 1865.

**AGRICULTURAL FAIR!** Eighth Annual Exhibition OF THE CLEARFIELD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, WILL BE HELD ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR CLEARFIELD, ON Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, OCTOBER 12, 13 and 14, 1870. The premium list is published in pamphlet form and can be had by application to the Secretary of the Society, either personally or by letter. Family Tickets, during Fair, \$2 00 Single Tickets, during Fair, 75 Single admission tickets, 25 THURSDAY, purse of \$100 00 to be trotted for. FRIDAY, purse of \$50 00 to be trotted for. For conditions, entries, &c., see Pamphlets. It is to be hoped that farmers will take an interest in this exhibition. No pains will be spared by the officers of the Society to make it a creditable one. Judges will be announced from the stand on Wednesday. Premiums for stock and cereal grains have been largely increased. G. R. BARRETT, President. A. WRIGHT GRAMAM, Secretary. THE highest market prices, paid for Shingles by SHAW & SON.

**THE KIDNEYS.**  
The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loins, surrounded by fat and consisting of three parts, viz: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.  
The anterior absorbs Interior consists of its sinus or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.  
The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the Muscular. The upper expels the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability, others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.  
To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel or Dropsy may ensue.  
The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to affect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.  
GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.—Pain occurring in the joints is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.  
THE GRAVEL.—The gravel issues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.  
DROPSY is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz: when generally diffused over the body, it is called Anasarca; when of the Abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.  
TREATMENT.—Helmhold's highly concentrated compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the bladder, kidney, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatism, and gouty affections. Under this head we have arranged Dysuria, or difficulty and pain in passing water; Sanguis Strangury, or stopping of discharge; Hematuria, or bloody urine; Catarrh and Inflammation of the Kidneys, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water. It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.  
This medicine increases the power of digestion and excites the absorbents into healthy exertion by which the watery or calcareous deposits and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation are reduced, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 25, 1867. H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist.  
Dear Sir:—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.  
Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.  
I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy.  
As you advertised that it was composed of Buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you and more satisfactory to me.  
I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.  
I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.  
Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections. M. MCCORMICK.  
Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:  
Hon. Wm. Bigler, ex-Governor Penn'a.  
Hon. Thomas B. Florence, Philadelphia.  
Hon. J. C. Knox, Judge, Philadelphia.  
Hon. J. S. Black, Judge, Philadelphia.  
Hon. D. R. Porter, ex-Governor, Penn'a.  
Hon. Ellis Lewis, Judge, Philadelphia.  
Hon. E. C. Grier, Judge U. S. Court.  
Hon. G. W. Woodward, Judge Philadelphia.  
Hon. W. A. Porter, City Solicitor, Phil'a.  
Hon. John Bigler, ex-Governor, California.  
Hon. E. Banks, Auditor Gen. Washington, D.C.  
And many others, if necessary.  
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmhold's. Take no other. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.  
Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.  
NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DOWN UP IN steel-encased wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed  
June 15, 70-1y H. T. HELMBOLD.